

Miscellaneous.



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in all grades, including
CAMEO RELIEFS,(in all colorings and designs,) which is
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Painting.District of New Haven, ss. Probate Court,
February 5, A. D. 1895.
I, **STATE OF OWEN H. SCHLES,** late of
New Haven, in said district, deceased.
The Court of Probate for the district of New
Haven hath limited and allowed six months
from the date hereof for the creditors of
said estate to exhibit their claims for set-
tlement. Those who neglect to present their
accounts, properly attested, within said time
will be declared a recovery. All persons in-
debted to said estate are requested to make
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HENRY C. GOODWIN,
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For Many Purposes.
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Freight and Passenger Cars, Carriages and
Buggies, Agriculture, Implements, Wagons,
Roofs and Bridges are all on our list. Send
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396-398 State Street,
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AN ASSURED SUCCESS.**Liquor, Opium,
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First-class Physicians in Charge.
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Turkeys**
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FRESH EGGS
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AT
HURLBURT BROS.

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Your Carpets Brightened,
The Moths Killed, and the Dust
Removed?

WE CAN DO IT.

Lace Curtains

Of the finest qualities cleaned without
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Of Men's Suits and Overcoats, Ladies'
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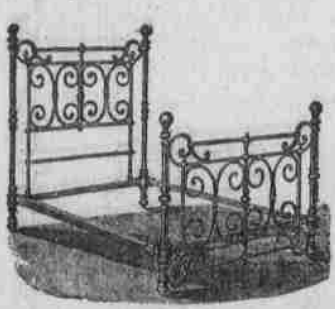
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If you wish to furnish a
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Beds, a Birch Bureau, an
attractive Chiffonier, and
a Dressing Table of French
design.These pieces we have in
large variety, of elegant
design, and at reasonable
prices.**THE CHAMBERLAIN
Furniture and Mantel Co.**
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DOMINICA SULPHUR LAKE.

MR. ALBERT VERRILL'S TRAVELS
—HIS FINE COLLECTIONS.He Describes His Visit to the Famous Sulphur
Lake in the West Indies—In a Vol-
canic Crater—Its Shores Composed of
Pure Sulphur, Geyers and Lava.A party of friends of Mr. Albert H.
Verrill, son of Professor Verrill of Yale,
called upon him a few nights ago at
his home, 19 Carmel street, and were
highly entertained by the young natu-
ralist. Few people would believe that
within our city limits stands a house
so completely filled with beautiful spec-
imens of foreign and domestic birds,
animals and ancient pottery from all
parts of the world. Mr. Verrill's home
is indeed a museum in itself, and the
descriptions with which the young
traveler entertains his visitor of his
rare specimens, where found, etc.,
proves exceedingly interesting and
highly instructive. Few young men
have visited the remote parts of the
earth, as he has done. Mr. Verrill has
already spent ten years in travel in
order to complete his education and
equipment as a naturalist. During his
visits abroad he has had not a few
exciting experiences. Once in the Andes
he spent over two years in an Indian
camp in order to fully understand their
language and customs, and while there
suffered for weeks with the deadly yel-
low fever and was cared for at the
camp by the Indians, who manifested
warm friendship for their white chief,
as they called Mr. Verrill. He has
headed expeditions through South
America in the interest of different
South American governments and was
sent abroad by our own government
to collect curiosities for exhibition at
the world's fair. Mr. Verrill is also a
painter of no mean ability. He has
had on exhibition at various times in
the Yale Art store some fine specimens
from his brush which have done him
great credit, notably his marine pic-
tures. He had the contract for furnishing
the pictures in the animal kingdom
for the new edition of Webster's
dictionary, and to complete the con-
tract occupied three years of his time.
He is an occasional contributor to Out-
ing, and that magazine has occasional
sketches from his pencil. While on a
visit recently to the island of Dominica
he wrote a descriptive letter to a friend
in this city of the sulphur lake of
Dominica, and as it will no doubt prove
very interesting to our readers we give
it in full:THE SULPHUR LAKE OF DOMINICA.
Few of the tourists who visit the
West Indies are aware that on the
island of Dominica is situated an ac-
tive volcano, which, in some respects,
is one of the most remarkable on our
hemisphere. The island is about twenty-
nine miles in length by seventeen
in width and exceedingly mountainous,
the highest point being Morne Diab-
leto, 5,500 feet in height. On the At-
lantic or windward side of the island
the mountains rise abruptly from the
sea, while on the Caribbean side there
are broad plantations and swamps
stretching back from the coast for sev-
eral miles. Almost in the center of the
island and on the road from Roseau,
the capital, to Lascuma, the Carib-
Indian settlement, is a small village called
Laudat, which is peculiar, inasmuch,
as all the inhabitants numbering about
fifty are related to one another, being
descendants of a Frenchman named
Laudat and his negro wife, who settled
there many years ago. Laudat is
built on a broad plateau about 1,500
feet above the sea and commands a
magnificent view. To the west and far
below can be seen the Roseau river
winding between hills and through rich
valleys, some clothed with the dense
tropical forest, others pale green with
sugar and banana plantations. In the
distance the streets and houses of
Roseau glisten like silver in the tropic
sunlight, while beyond sparkles the
bright blue Caribbean sea with here
and there a tiny white speck of a sail
or perhaps the slowly moving long
black hull of the mail steamer. To the
north and east rise steep forest clad
mountains shutting off the view, while
to the south are a long series of sharp
topped ridges ending in a huge flat
topped cone some five miles away,
from which on a clear day one may
see a slender column of steam rising.
This is the volcano, or as it is commonly
termed by the natives the "Sulphur
Lake." Formerly this mountain was
covered like its companions with a
forest of palms, gum trees and tree
ferns, to its summit, while on its flanks
there side was a small hot water lake
about an acre in extent, strongly im-
pregnated with sulphur, from which
it took its name. Now all is changed,
for a thousand yards from the top
the only vegetation is withered grass
and small shrubs, while the lake is
twice its original size and on one edge
of the present crater. One rainy day
in September, 1886, the people of the
island were startled by a series of un-
usually heavy earthquakes, lasting
nearly an hour, followed by a dull
explosion and a few moments later by
a shower of fine ashes and sand, which
was carried forty miles out to sea and
even fell in Martinique, nearly fifty
miles to the south. In Roseau the ashes
fell to a depth of several inches, and
had it not been for the heavy wind
blowing from the east, the people might
have shared the fate of the Pompeians.
When the rain ceased and the people
sufficiently recovered to venture out,
they found that the entire top of the moun-
tain by the lake had been blown off,
leaving a crater four hundred feet deep
and nearly six acres in extent.
In the spring of 1890, while on a
collecting trip in Dominica, I lived sev-
eral months in Laudat, and while there
made up my mind to visit the crater,
although the inhabitants told me it was
a fearful climb and almost discouraged
me. I found, however, that as usual,
they had greatly exaggerated the diffi-
culty and the trail was a well de-
fined path through the most beautiful
forest on the island. One pleasant
morning in company with Mr. Andre
Laudat, at whose house I was living,
(and who by the way is a coal-
black negro), I started off. At firstour path led through pleasant pastures
and gardens, then began to ascend the
foothills through plantations of banana
and plantains and after a mile or so
entered the forest. For several miles
the woods were very dark and damp
with no underbrush, the giant gum-
vick-octon and mahogany trees rising
often for a hundred feet without a
limb, their bases sending out huge but-
tresses in all directions and their
branches hung with trailing vines and
bananas, some delicate as threads, others
huge, gnarled and twisted, thick as a
man's thigh, but big and little, all
covered with air-plants and sweet scented
orchids, and which hovered beauti-
fully humming birds. From the deep
shadows an occasional Agouti would
scuttle away at our approach or beside
some roaring mountain brook we would
stop entranced and listen with bated
breath to the loud, clear, soul-stirring
whistle of the Siffler Montagne, a note
which for melancholy sweetness is not
equalled. It seems to send a thrill of
pleasure, yet of sadness through your
very soul, as from the depths of the
silent tropic forest issues the long-
drawn flute-like whistle, rising and
falling, in a sweetness that seems not
to belong to earth. Gradually the trees
grew smaller, while the palms and
tree-ferns were scattered among them.
Then the tree-ferns increased and soon
we were walking through the most
remarkable and beautiful forest I have
ever seen. The tree-ferns were not the
puny things seen in hot houses, but
veritable giants, their hairy trunks
often forty feet in height and crowned
with fronds twenty feet or more in
length. For an hour or so we walked
through this unique forest and then
emerging entered a jungle of tall grass
and small shrubs, while all around us
stood charred and blackened skeletons
of trees. We could now hear the
rumbling of the volcano and could
see the steam and vapor rising in
clouds from the top of the crater a few
hundred yards above us.
A few moments more of stiff climb-
ing and we stood on the edge of the
crater, and gazed upon a scene which
might well have furnished the inspira-
tion of Dante's Inferno. A huge cir-
cular pit 400 feet deep, its seamed
and scarred edges burnt a bright red,
while around its edges stood the gaunt skele-
tons of the trees. Streams of inky black
water trickled down its sides, sending
up jets of scalding, foul-smelling steam,
while from under foot came a dull,
rumbling roar. After viewing it a few
moments from the brink we descended
into the crater. The sides were steep
and slippery, and in many places hot
enough to burn my shoes, so that de-
scent was by no means easy. The only
vegetation was scattered plants of the
beautiful gold and silver ferns which
grew here and there in the crevices of
the rocks. When we reached the bot-
tom we could plainly feel the constant
jar of the hidden forces, and in many
places upon poking a stick into the
ground a jet of steam and inky water
would gush up several feet. On the
bottom and sides were numbers of
small geysers, none of them spouting
more than ten or fifteen feet, but con-
stantly shifting from one place to
another so that we felt rather uneasy;
for although a fifteen foot geyser is
not very remarkable yet it would be
decidedly uncomfortable, to say the
least, for it to come suddenly up under
one's feet. Reaching through the center
of the crater was a good sized stream of
boiling, bubbling water, and following
this down through a small gap in the
eastern wall we came to the lake.
When we first saw it it resembled any
other pond except that the shores were
composed of sulphur and a mist was
rising from it. Suddenly the center be-
gan to agitate and then to rise as
though lifted from below, the water
rose ten or twelve feet, fell back,
rose again, and then began to bubble
and boil, the boiling gradually extending
until the whole lake was a mass of
seething, roaring water. While stand-
ing on the shore Andre suggested that
we should boil an egg in the water,
and while engaged in this operation he
entertained me with an interesting story
of one of his friends who, while at the
lake, endeavored to boil some eggs and
being slightly under the influence of
native rum, lost his balance and pitched
forward into the water and was
thoroughly cooked before his compan-
ions could pull him out. Old Andre
seemed to take great pleasure in the
reiteration of this thrilling tale and
grinned from ear to ear as he pointed out
the exact spot and graphically describ-
ed how the poor fellow's flesh fell from
his bones. The lake apparently has no
cuttle, but by following down the moun-
tain we discovered where it issued from
the ground, and much to our surprise
found it to be barely lukewarm. Evi-
dently it is fed by a cold stream in its
underground passage. The lake seems
to be simply a group of intermittent
geysers situated in a small depression
so that during their subsidence a pool
of water remains. The sensation of
standing in this place is very strange;
there is a feeling of constant danger,
and a fear to be on solid ground, while
at the same time there is a strange
fascination about it which is almost
impossible to resist. It was several hours
before I could make up my mind to
leave and retrace my steps across the
crater. Upon a close examination the
crater is found to be composed mainly
of fine ashes packed and baked almost
as hard as brick, and strewn with
blocks of lava and a kind of very hard,
rough, closely resembling the
Quebranta Mex. in which open ac-
cidents but although we broke open a large
number of pieces we found no trace of
the opal. There is also a considerable
amount of a dull gray and exceedingly
heavy ore, in which magnetic iron pre-
dominates. The rocks in many places
are covered with a thick deposit of a
crystalline white powder, composed of
sulphur and something which tastes
strongly of borax. The sides of the
crater are everywhere streaked with iron, and in
some of the little streams a deposit of
iron an inch in thickness has formed.
After filling our pockets with pieces of
lava and porphyry and taking up a
number of gold ferns, we started to
climb out. About half way up the side
I shot a Cuban sparrow hawk, the only
living thing we had seen near the place.
What he was doing in that desolate
spot I cannot imagine. On the way
home I stopped at a beautiful mountain
stream to bathe my face and hands
and was very much amused to see the
look of consternation on Andre's face.
The natives all believe that it is sure
death to drink, eat or bathe while walk-
ing, or in the least bit heated, and
when I did so would mournfully shake
their heads, look lugubrious and tell
me I would die before the next day,
but when the next day came and I still
lived and asked why I was not deadthey would not be in the least bit phased
but would calmly shrug their shoulders
and remark that "God loves you, yes!"

List of Patents

Issued from the United States patent
office, Tuesday, February 5th, 1895,
for the state of Connecticut, furnished
us from the office of Earle & Seymour,
solicitors of patents, 868 Chapel street,
New Haven, Conn.:

R. A. Bruel, Bridgeport, making

chains.

C. O. Case, assignor to P. & F. Corbin,
New Britain, knob attachment.M. E. Chatfield, New Haven, package
for sheathing paper.M. Hogan, assignor to Hogan Manu-
facturing company, Hartford, flush tank
and valve for water closets.H. A. House, Bridgeport, automatic
regulator for steam engines.Same, assignor one half to R. R. Sym-
mon, London, gas vapor burner.Same, gas or vapor burner for heating
purposes.H. K. Jones, Hartford, assignor to
Russell & Erwin company, New Britain,
manufacture of screw blanks.G. Hendrick, assignor to J. Hendrick,
Waterbury, dress stay.J. P. Lavingne, New Haven, assignor
to Lavigne & Scott, monkey wrench,
two patents.C. Sonnesson, Torrington, device for re-
moving skins from oranges, etc.

J. H. Spencer, Hartford, fluid engine.

E. Stockwell, assignor to Yale &
Towne Manufacturing company, Stam-
ford, combination lock.F. D. Taylor, Hartford, assignor to
Electro Automatic Appliance company
of Connecticut, apparatus for stopping
engines; re-issue.F. D. Taylor, Hartford, assignor to
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